

Husbands'
Number

Life

Vol. 77 No. 201

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MAY 19, 1921

4.725



Shipwreck Survivor:- The deuce! Only my wife!

706

MICHELIN

an actual test of tube life

MANY years ago the Michelin Tire Company discovered a compounding process which prevents rubber from becoming brittle or porous with age.

The superior durability which this process imparts to Michelin Tubes is evidenced by the photograph reproduced below. Each of the tubes illustrated was made by cementing half a Michelin Tube to half of a tube of an-

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179

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knock the "S"
right out of
"swear"—but leave be-
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Consequently, we can lay no claim to hav-
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principles, our policies, and our processes—
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our ideas and our ideals are high and the
daily devotion of our men and women to
them is unwavering, we have produced year
after year in quality of unbroken uniformity
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LATHER HAIR TOOTH TRADE MARK PAINT VARNISH STUCCO
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every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

RUBBERSET COMPANY (INCORPORATED) NEWARK, N. J. U.S.A. RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD. FACTORIES TORONTO AND GRAND RAPIDS, CANADA


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ABOUT the time a woman makes up her mind to buy new rugs or furniture, clothes, an automobile, or anything, she begins to send for and read catalogs and booklets on the subject.

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Maybe you don't issue a catalog at all. Maybe you don't know that people, especially women, like to look at pictures of things before seeing them in the stores. Or perhaps you present your possible customers with a catalog or booklet that isn't printed as well as your printer might have done it, if he had better paper, plenty of time, and a good working dummy carefully laid out in advance.

S. D. Warren Company wants to help printers and buyers of printing to produce better printing, and Warren's Standard Printing Papers are offered to that end.

Better Paper means Better Printing, because

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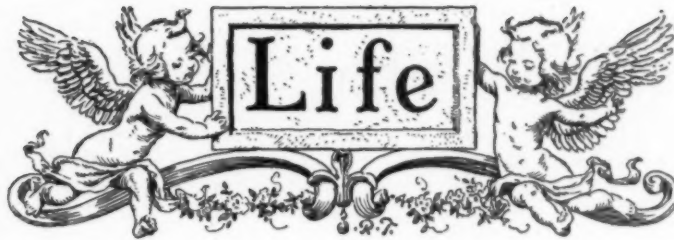
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The Perfectly Possible Husband

I WRITE books. He never reads them, but shows an almost human intelligence concerning the royalties.
I forgive him.

I love golf, and he laughs at it.
I forgive him.

He never remembers to tell me I am beautiful. Kissing me is easier and more satisfactory—for him.
I forgive him.

When I try to explain that a woman wants a lover, not just a husband, he yawns and asks me how I get that way.
I forgive him.

He never has had a big affair with another woman, but fre-

quently indulges in harmless flirtations that cheapen me and make people think I cannot keep him.
I forgive him.

When he takes me out to dinner, he never bothers to make himself interesting. I talk and he eats.
And I forgive him.

When I talk to him in terms of youth, he suggests that it is time for me to adopt the language of middle age.
Even that, I forgive him!

But by reason of all these things, he has made it possible for me to stop loving him.
And this I can't forgive him!

R. B. Tuthill.



OVERHEARD BY "FORTY"

"WHY DON'T YOU MARRY JIMMIE, LIZ?"

"OEE, GIRLIE, I DON'T WANT A GRANDFATHER. WHY, HE MUST BE ALMOST THIRTY!"



"AM I GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, sir! I don't know who you are, but—good morning! You look guilty, but—"

"Am I really welcome, LIFE?"

"Sure you're welcome. We're all guilty more or less. Have a chair. Sit down. Have a couple of chairs. And what's your particular crime?"

"Well, LIFE, you see, it isn't exactly a—"

"I know, I know—that's what we all say—hate to admit it even to ourselves. Remember, I'm your father confessor, and we're alone. Go as far as you like. Let's see, your face is—"

"Don't you know me?"

"Why, of course, certainly, why not? Yet I must confess that—"

"Say, LIFE! Don't use that word 'confess'—makes me nervous. My name's Kenesaw Mountain!"

"Kenesaw Mountain! What a wonderful name! Sounds like the Rock of Gibraltar and Harding's cabinet combined. Now I begin to feel guilty myself, and—"

"Landis!"

"You don't mean to say that this is my old friend Kenesaw-Mountain-Standard-Oil-Babe-Ruth-Judge-Landis, of Chicago? Why, so it is! Have three chairs!"

"The same—am I guilty or not guilty?"

"See here, Judge Landis! You're just the man I'm looking for. Can you get me a couple of boxes for the World's Series next fall? I know it's looking well ahead, but—"

"LIFE! Be serious. Am I guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, how do you feel about it?"

"Kind of mean. To take a whopping salary as baseball referee, and at the same time occupy the dignified position of United States District Judge—"

"Now, Judge, you're getting too personal and—"

"But—"

"If you can't get me two boxes, get me one!"

"LIFE, you're impossible!"

"Then shake—partner!"

T. L. M.

The Education of a Club Woman's Husband

HIS reading course during the season just closed was varied and interesting. From his wife's conversation, directed to him when they were alone and at him on other occasions, the Club Woman's Husband gained a working knowledge of Main Street, Margot, The Outline of History, Miss Lulu Bett, and Hunger. Besides these additions to the list of books unread but to be talked about anyhow, he read thirty-one pages in a contraband copy of Jurgens before his wife had to smuggle it back to the owner. This advanced him as a Club Woman's Husband, putting him almost on the level with the husband who knows about genuine Wedgwood and Staffordshire pottery.

He attended seven teas, three of them willingly. He stayed to the end of all but one. He learned to recognize the introductions of three songs, and four violin numbers. Also learned to pronounce Sarasate and Lieurance. He went to eight evening lectures, and went forward after seven of them so his wife could introduce herself to the lecturer.

Saving Something

A CERTAIN railway official has preached economy, in and out of season, until it has rather got on the nerves of the employees. He likes to talk to the men, putting questions which he thinks will bring out their special abilities and demonstrate their fitness for promotion, and recently he cornered a locomotive fireman.

"What would you do," the official asked, "if you saw that your train was heading into an unavoidable collision that promised to be an utterly destructive wreck?"

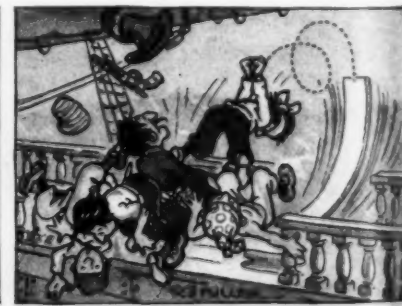
"Why," the fireman responded promptly, "I'd grab a lump of coal in each hand, yell to the engineer to bring the oil can, and jump!"

Little but Long

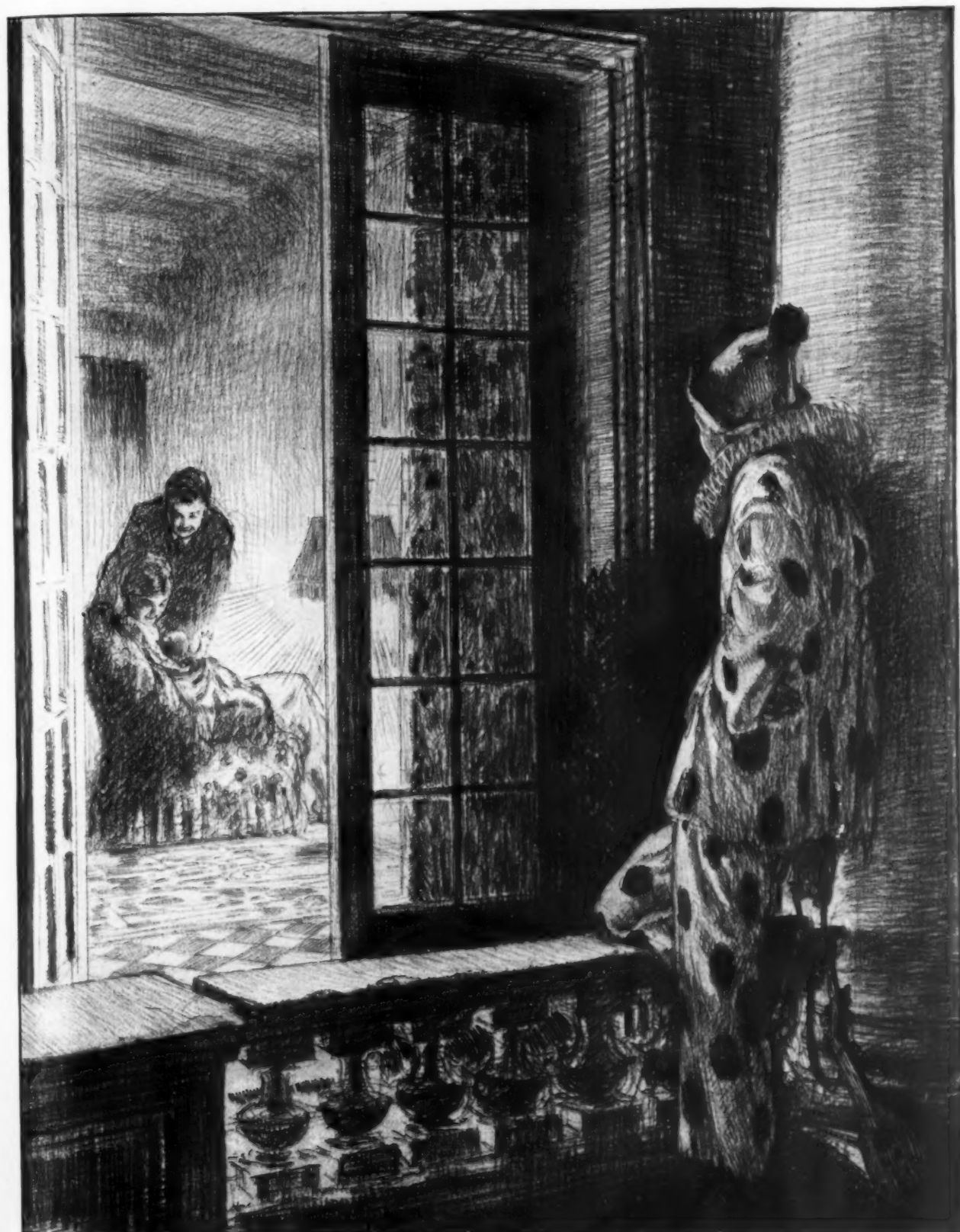
"SO" your wife doesn't say much when you stay out late?" Boggs remarked enviously.

"No, she doesn't say much," Sportlaigh answered bitterly; "but she keeps on eternally repeating it."

MR. NEWLYWED (attempting to start car): This darned self-starter won't work, there's a short circuit somewhere. MRS. NEWLYWED: Well, why don't you lengthen it, dear?



THE BUCCANEERS MAKE A FANCY DIVER WALK THE PLANK.



Drawn by ANGUS MACDONALL.

The Loser

Family Life in America

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

The naturalistic literature of this country has reached such a state that no family of characters is considered true to life which does not include at least two hypochondriacs, one sadist, and one old man who spills food down the front of his vest. If our school progresses, the following is what we may expect in our national literature in a year or so.

PART 1.

THE living-room in the Twilly's house was so damp that thick, soppy moss grew all over the walls. It dripped on the picture of Grandfather Twilly that hung over the melodeon, making streaks down the dirty glass like sweat on the old man's face. It was a mean face. Grandfather Twilly had been a mean man and had little spots of soup on the lapel of his coat. All his children were mean and had soup spots on their clothes.

Grandma Twilly sat in the rocker over by the window, and as she rocked the chair snapped. It sounded like Grandma Twilly's knees snapping as they did whenever she stooped over to pull the wings off a fly. She was a mean old thing. Her knuckles were grimy and she chewed crumbs that she found in the bottom of her reticule. You would have hated her. She hated herself. Most of all she hated Grandfather Twilly.

"I certainly hope you're frying good," she muttered as she looked up at his picture.

* * *

"Hasn't the undertaker come yet, Ma?" asked young Mrs. Wilbur Twilly petulantly. She was boiling water on the oil-heater and every now and again would spill a little of the steaming liquid on the baby who was playing on the floor. She hated the baby because it looked like her father. The hot water raised little white blisters on the baby's red neck, and Mabel Twilly felt short, sharp twinges of pleasure at the sight. It was the only pleasure she had had for four months.

"Why don't you kill yourself, Ma?" she continued. "You're only in the way here. It's just because you're a mean old woman and want to make trouble for us that you hang on."

Grandma Twilly shot a dirty look at her daughter-in-law.

She had always hated her. Stringy hair, Mabel had. Dank, stringy hair. Grandma Twilly thought how it would look hanging at an Indian's belt. But all that she did was to place her tongue against her two front teeth and make a noise like the bath-room faucet with it.

* * *

Wilbur Twilly was reading the paper by the oil lamp. Wilbur had watery blue eyes and cigar ashes all over his knees. The third and fourth buttons of his vest were undone. It was too hideous.

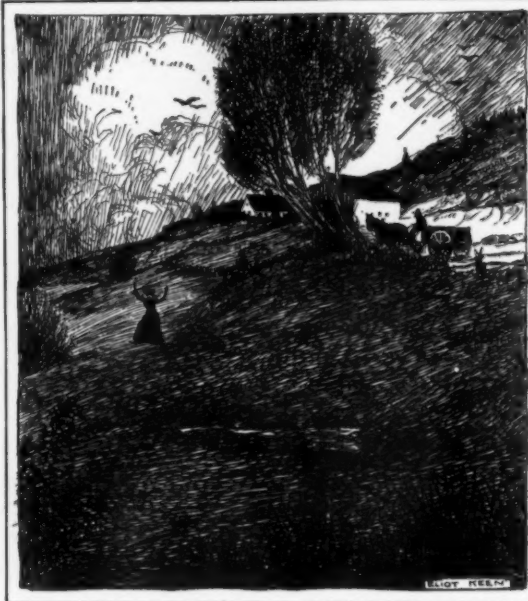
He was sickeningly conscious of his family seated in chairs about him. His mother, chewing crumbs. His wife, Mabel, with her stringy hair, reading. His sister Bernice, with projecting front teeth, who sat thinking of the man who came every day to take away the waste paper. Bernice was wondering how long it would be before her family would discover that she had been married to this man for three years.

How Wilbur hated them all! It didn't seem as if he could stand it any longer. He wanted to scream and stick pins into every one of them and then rush out to see the girl who worked in his office snapping rubber bands. He hated her too, but she wore side combs.

PART 2.

The street was covered with slimy mud. It oozed out from under Bernice's rubbers in unpleasant bubbles until it seemed to her as if she must kill herself. Hot air coming out from a steam laundry. Hot, stifling air. Bernice didn't work in the laundry, but she wished that she did so that the hot air would kill her. She wanted to be stifled. She needed torture to be happy. She also needed a good swift clout on the side of the face.

A drunken man lurched out from a doorway and flung his arms about her. It was only her husband. She loved her husband. She loved him so much that, as she pushed him away and into the gutter, she stuck her little finger into his eye. She also untied his necktie. It was a bow necktie, with white, dirty spots on it, and was wet with gin. It didn't seem as if Bernice could stand it any longer. All the repressions of nine-



LOCAL GOSSIP

MISS MEHITABEL BILLINGS, over to Rock Hill, tends to keepin' up the literary end fer most uv the folks; writes some pieces herself an' reads poetry an' sech. Wall, Si Hooker met her last week as she wuz headin' fer the valley. She told Si she was communin' with Nature. "List," sez she, "to the drowsy stirrin' uv Spring gittin' out to deck hill an' dale." Si listed, but all he could hear wuz the drowsy stirrin' uv Nat Beam, his hired man, gittin' out the harrow over to the Bailey place. She went off kinder dancin' hippity-hop, an' yellin' "Welcome Spring, Welcome Spring." Si watched her till she went inter the swamp.

Wall, yestiddy, word come that Doc Butterworth sez Hitty's gut the worst case o' quinsy on record; can't speak out loud. She gut her feet wet somehow, he sez. Delirious, too. When Si heard uv it, he give out as his opinion thet probly she wan't delirious at all. He let on, kinder braggin', thet he an' Hitty hed discussed Nature, Spring, list'nin' an' so on, an' he reckons Doc Butterworth don't understand her. Now't she's laid up, Si 'lows he'll hev to do the Spring Greetin'. Sez he can't do no skippin', ercount the rheumatiz, but he's goin' to let out a hoot or two uv welcome, hopin' to keep the frost offen his termatoes.

(To be continued in our next)



AFFINITIES

"WHAT KIND OF HUSBAND WOULD BE SEEN LEADING A DOG LIKE THAT ON A LEASH?"

"THE KIND OF HUSBAND WHO WOULD MARRY A WOMAN WHO OWNED A DOG LIKE THAT."

teen sordid years behind protruding teeth surged through her untidy soul. She wanted love. But it was not her husband that she loved so fiercely. It was old Grandfather Twilly. And he was too dead.

PART 3.

In the dining-room of the Twilly's house everything was very quiet. Even the vinegar cruet, which was covered with flyspecks. Grandma Twilly lay with her head in the baked potatoes, poisoned by Mabel, who, in turn had been poisoned by her husband and sprawled in an odd posture over the china-closet. Wilbur and his sister Bernice had just finished choking each other to death, and between them completely covered the carpet in that corner of the room where the worn spot showed the bare boards beneath like ribs on a chicken's carcass.

Only the baby survived. She had a mean face and had long streaks of Imperial Granum down her bib. As she looked about her at her family, a great hate surged through her tiny body. She wanted to get down from her high-chair and show them all how much she hated them.

Bernice's husband, the man who came after the waste paper, staggered into the room. The tips were off both his shoe-lacings. The baby experienced a voluptuous sense of futility at the sight of the tipless lacings and leered suggestively at her uncle-in-law.

"We must get the roof fixed," said the man, very quietly. "It lets the sun in."

Smokers, Ahoy!

ANYBODY who thinks the Anti-Tobacco fanatics are not, in earnest has another guess coming. A fanatic is always in earnest.

In a wealthy country like America, there are people who will back the fanatics with money. When you have acquired the habit of drawing a salary for being a fanatic, you are not likely to quit. The Anti-Tobacco workers are organized and the rest of us are not.

When you wake up some day and find that a minority has succeeded in depriving you of your pipe, you will wish that you had done something about it before it was too late.

Open Covenants Openly Arrived At

THE latest news from Turkey is that the government is considering a bill to compel all men over twenty-five to marry. The number of prospective Turks is not large enough.

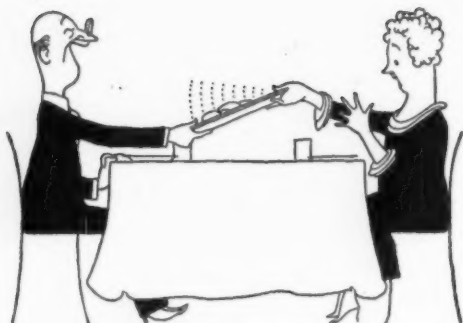
That is hard on the Turks. The Turkish girls are bundled up so that it is difficult to know what kind of a wife one is getting. America is much more civilized in this respect. If an American marries a girl, and has eyes in his head, he knows pretty well beforehand just what she is.

"DID you meet Deepthinker, the British novelist, while you were in England?"

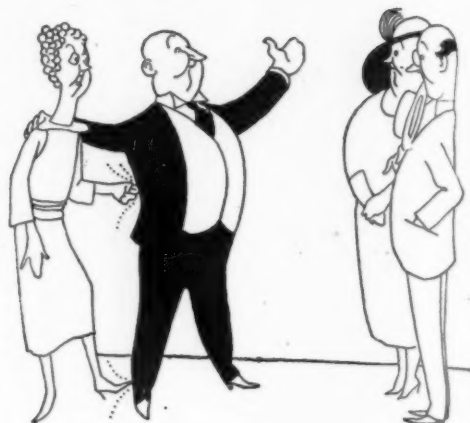
"No, when I returned to New York."

Why Wives Leave Home

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



They say that a sense of humor is necessary in married life, but Mrs. Tinpenny could get along very well without her husband's. His is that stalwart, practical kind, and his favorite jest is to pretend to relinquish his end of the platter before his wife has a firm grip on her end. The only time she enjoyed the joke was when he tried it on his irascible uncle, and in more ways than one spilled the beans.



Pity the woman who has married a potluck. He is always urging people to share potluck with them; and he expects the pot never to contain less than a four-course dinner, with oysters in season. He can be counted on to say, as the guests seat themselves, "By the way, dear, why did you kick me when I asked Jim and Susan to stay to dinner?" Which gives the meal a perfectly lovely send-off.



Mr. Lymp mislays something about once every five minutes, and he has the fixed idea that his wife, for some obscure reason, is at the root of all the mysterious disappearances. At this moment, for example, he is demanding to know what in the world she has done with his fountain-pen, which he left on the corner of the table. Life with this type is bearable only if you tie all his possessions to him with bits of string.



There is no greater destroyer of an artistic effect in interior decoration, or the serene temperament of his wife, than a husband like Mr. Siddleboy. To him there is a place for everything, but it is not the place that nature or his wife intended for it.



The vote for last place in home wreckers goes to the temperature-regulator. This type is constitutionally unable to enter a room without exclaiming, "My, my, it's much too warm (cool) here," and flinging open a window (or shutting it). After which he departs for his den.



Drawn by J. R. SHAVER.

Why Not?

The Herford Aesop

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THE MAN AND THE LION

A LION and a Man, as they
Were walking in a park one day,
Exchanging stories of their strength
And deeds of valor, came at length
Upon the statue of a Man
Slaying a Lion. Then began
A wrangle. Said the Man, "I call
That true to nature." "Not at all!"
The Lion roared. "You think it true
Because it shows Man's point of view.
If it were mine, the Man would not
Be seen!" Exclaimed the other, "What!
No Man at all?" "Oh, yes," replied
The Lion, "he would be *inside*!"

THE BEAR AND THE TWO TRAVELERS

TWO friends, when walking in a wood,
Met with a Bear. One, who was good
At climbing, quickly climbed a tree;
The other, not so spry as he,
Dropped on the ground, and when the Bear
Came up and sniffed his face and hair
With curious snout, he held his breath
And saved his life by feigning death;
For Bruin will not touch, 'tis said,
A body that he thinks is dead.
Soon as the Bear was gone, the man
Who climbed the tree came down and ran
To join his comrade. "Well," said he,
"What did the Bear say? From my tree
I saw him whispering in your ear."
"He told me, since you wish to hear,"
Replied the other, "to steer clear
Of friends who flee when danger's near;
He will not have to tell me twice.
I'm going to take that Bear's advice."



Why Not References for Husbands?

IN these days of get-divorced-quick marriages, wouldn't it be a good idea for ex-wives to give their former husbands references, such as they give to their equally transitory servants? Examples:

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Hamilton Jones has served as my husband for six months, and has given perfect satisfaction. He is honest, industrious and sober (which is saying a good deal in these days of prohibition).

I would not think of letting him go, but the doctor says the state of my health requires a sea voyage, and the Count, who has three excellent recommendations from former wives, is taking me to the Mediterranean on our honeymoon.

(Signed) Countess Lotsa Moni.

To Whom It May Concern:

I take pleasure in recommending Robert J. Wells as an unusually satisfactory husband. He is very talented, and is a decided social asset. He not only drives a car well, but is a good dancer, plays splendid golf, and is an excellent tennis partner, besides being expert at bridge. In fact he was quite the best husband I ever had, and he left me entirely of his own accord.

(Signed)

Ethel Wolfe Berry Brown Wells Smith.

In this way worthy ex-husbands could prove that the dissolving of the marriage tie was no reflection upon them, and remarriages would be speeded up.

Painful

"**W**HY do the presses groan so?"
"They are turning out the Congressional Record."

Law and Duty

MANY friends have written in to LIFE to inquire whether we respect the Prohibition law.

Certainly. It is the law of the land. The sooner and more completely it is enforced the better it will be for everybody.

It is one thing to respect the law while it is in force and another thing to express one's opinions and to work for a better law.

LIFE rejoices that the saloon has departed.

LIFE has nothing to say in favor of John Barleycorn.

But LIFE believes in the spirit of personal liberty. LIFE believes in light wines and beers.

To defy and disobey law is anarchy.

To struggle for the sacred rights of individuals is a patriotic duty.

A Rainy Day in the Portable Bungalow

"IS the wash-tub under the leak in the bathroom ceiling?"

"It is."

"Are the dish-pans and basins under the guest-room gable?"

"All there."

"And all the spare crockery, rags and old newspapers spread in the living room?"

"All in the right corners, with towels on the window sills."

"Where is the baby?"

"In the shelter tent in the dining room."

"How about that new leak in the hall?"

"We have an old rug and a rusty pail left over for that."

"What is that puddle on the floor?"

"That must be another warped place; we can mop it up now and then."

"Well, then, let's raise an umbrella over the phonograph and play 'The Love Nest.'"

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



"GEE, SHE'S A WHALE. HOW DOES HE EVER STAND FOR HER?"

"HE WEARS REDUCING GLASSES."

HE: But, Alice, you don't want that!

SHE: How will I know until I get it?

BILKINS tips his caddie frightfully."

"That isn't a tip: it's hush money."



Daniel (as the lions roll over): I'M GLAD I THOUGHT TO BRING THAT SHEKEL'S WORTH OF CATNIP WITH ME.



"MRS. CATTERSON IS TALKING YOUR HUSBAND TO DEATH OVER THERE."
 "YES, AND POOR HENRY IS SO TACTFUL THAT TO LOOK AT HIM YOU'D REALLY THINK HE WAS LISTENING."

Method, Maybe

A NEW YORK boy, convicted of being a loafer, has been sentenced by a judge to three months' reading in a public library, the diet recommended being Dickens and Hawthorne.

With an epoch-making novel by some

American genius coming out every week or so, this is a surprising sentence. But perhaps the judge thought that if the boy began on Dickens and Hawthorne, he might gradually work himself up to the lofty heights of Amy Lowell, Scott Fitzgerald, H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis.

Fifty Years After

(Longfellow's "There Was a Little Girl Who Had a Little Curl," was published in the spring of 1871, just fifty years ago, in the *Balloon Post*, a daily printed in Boston for six days in connection with the French Fair, held for the French war sufferers. Miss Susan Hale was editor. It appeared without Longfellow's name, and with music "for three voices," and it should encourage writers of light verse to know that, anonymous as it was, it still lives, though signed contributions of Henry James, Howells, Bret Harte, Weir Mitchell and others are forgotten.)

THERE was a little man
 Who at study was a fan,
 And over his books kept poring;
 When he talked just enough
 It was right good stuff,
 But when he talked too much
 It was boring.

There was a little wife,
 Her husband's joy in life,
 Baked cakes for his anniversary
 natal;
 The first were so light
 They made the birthday bright,
 But the last were so heavy
 They were fatal.

Arthur Hale.

TEN people hurry to catch up where
 one hurries to get ahead.



Mr. Newly Wed: QUICK, MARIE! CALL A DOCTOR FOR MY WIFE—I CUT MY FINGER.



"ABOUT HOW MUCH WILL THIS OPERATION BE, DOCTOR?"
 "CAN'T SAY. DEPENDS ON HOW DEEP I WILL HAVE TO CUT."
 "BUT I'M ONLY ABOUT THIRTEEN INCHES THROUGH."

The Moujik's Revenge

or
The Red Revolt

AS the leading Cossack threw up his hand the long line of prisoners halted, glad for even a momentary respite from the horrors of the march over the snow-covered steppes. Some even sank down into the snow, their chains rattling gruesomely.

Too far gone from misery and privation to care even to make a pretense of fortitude, Sonia Petrinoff sank to the ground at the feet of her sister Olga, in complete exhaustion. As Olga bent over to comfort her a grip upon her arm caused her to look up. There confronting her was one of her captors whose face, though more bestial than the others, was still vaguely familiar to her. With one hand he clutched her arm in a grip that made her wince from pain, and in the other he brandished the cruel whip of Russia, the knout. Then suddenly she recognized him as a discharged servant that her father had caused to be knouted for insolence to her and her sister many years ago. It was the man who broke the deathlike silence.

"So," the monster shouted, "you know me now, do you? When they beat me like a dog, you looked on and said nothing.

What would you say now if I were to beat you?" he queried as the knout sang through the air.

"I would say 'Ouch!'" replied Olga.

The End

Harvey Kent.

Proof

"HOW do you know that man in the front row is the dean of the critics?"

"Don't you see he is snoring louder than the rest?"



NOT HE!

"AREN'T MRS. MARKER'S CHILDREN GETTING TOO OLD FOR A GOVERNESS?"

"YES—BUT HER HUSBAND ISN'T."



MAY 19, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE world is not normal yet, but it seems heartily disposed to be as normal as it

can. People who have meals continue to go to them, and for people who lack meals there is much effort to provide them. Several disastrous things that might have happened by this time have not happened. Great Britain is still working along without a general strike, though her coal strike is still unsettled and she is loaded up with unsolved problems, especially labor problems. But even in the throes of revolution, John Bull traditionally prefers to keep his shirt on, and at last advices it was still tucked in at the waist line.

The incursion of the French into Germany has not begun yet and may be averted. To that end helpful results are expected from the labors of Secretary Hughes, including his final note disclosing to Germany that her proposals were unsatisfactory to the Allies, and advising her to come across at once with definite and adequate offers. The note put these States clearly in the line-up of the Allies, where they belong.

Mr. Hughes seems to be going strong and gives increasing satisfaction to most observers. One thinks of him with hopeful expectations and with gratitude that he is where he is.

The Senate is at peace with Germany in so far as its facilities can attain to it. It has passed a resolution to say that the war is over. At this writing the House has not dealt with it, but will pass it, no doubt, in due time if the President wants it to be passed. How much influence the Senate has with the House and how much it has with President Harding has

not been disclosed yet. A good many people would like to know, but they must be patient. There is no hurry. Perhaps the peace resolution will wait until the reparations difficulty has been settled. Perhaps it will wait until there is more agreement as to what the resolution accomplishes. It repeals, as far as the Senate is concerned, the act of Congress by which we recognized a state of war. The correspondents say it is agreeable both to President Harding and Secretary Hughes.



IF the Knox resolution passes, what will the next step be? People wonder about that. Mr. Harding is on record as thinking it wise to accept as much as possible of the Treaty of Versailles, instead of making a new treaty on our own account. Mr. Lodge does not favor that idea. He seems to think that it is not practicable. He said in the Senate that in order to suit us the treaty would have to have seventy-two amendments, but that, of course, would depend on whether the amended treaty would suit Mr. Lodge, or Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Harding, or whom. Mr. Hughes has not said anything about the Versailles Treaty yet. Mr. Hughes works. He does not talk much for publication, except in official documents, though one reads that he talks cheerfully and willingly to correspondents, telling them what is going on and what they must be prepared for, but largely in confidence.

We cannot do much more than to sit by and leave our constituted authorities to work out these difficult details according to the light that they get. It is yet not clear in the matter of the Treaty who our constituted authority is. We have been used to think it was the President, but

Mr. Lodge offers suggestions with so much confidence that some people think we have been mistaken about that and that the treaty-making power is really the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. We shall have to find out about that, and the way we shall find out is by waiting to see what happens. It may turn out that the President and the chairman of that committee and the Secretary of State see with a single eye and are virtually one authority. If so, it will be serene going. If not so, things of course are liable to be muddled up a little. We are all from Missouri in these days—all waiting to be shown and not more impatient than we should be.



SECRETARY MELLON, that kind gentleman from Pittsburgh, has made suggestions about taxation which have been received, so far as we notice, with general hospitality. He would have made still more welcome suggestions on that subject if he had dared. We credit him with entire benevolence towards the taxpayers. He would like to let them off much easier than he does, but he cannot because he has such a lot of money to raise. He thinks he has entirely too much to raise. It is going to take five billions of dollars to satisfy our federal government's fiscal appetite. That means a contribution of \$250 per family, and Mr Mellon thinks that is shocking. He wants us to spend less money for governmental purposes.

Meanwhile he plans to raise the huge sum that we do still require as kindly as possible. He proposes to kill off the excess profits tax and to reduce the surtax on incomes, and some so-called "nuisance taxes" on articles of folly like soda water,



"WON'T YOU MOVE UP, GENTLEMEN, AND GIVE ME A SEAT?"

and articles of luxury like good shirts. His objection to the excess profits tax is simply that it is a very bad way to raise money, and his objection to the high surtaxes is that they impel our very rich fellow-citizens to transfer their funds into exempt securities to the detriment of the market value of securities like Liberty Bonds, which are not exempt.

Mr. Mellon seems to mean extremely well and also to have good ideas about carrying out his good intentions. It looks as though he were one of the assets of the Harding administration.



THE question of diminishing expenditures on naval armament is simply a question of when to begin. Senator Borah is for having the United States set the example and begin at once. To that end he will oppose a large part of the naval appropriation. President Harding says not yet; wait a little until the world has attained to a larger measure of economic and political stability. So President Harding is for letting the naval ap-

propriation bill go through this time undiminished.

With most of the world bent nearly double under the load of debt, there can hardly be two opinions as to the expediency of checking armament of all kinds, and especially naval armament, which is frightfully expensive, takes a long time to construct and diverts labor from productive uses to the making of unproductive things that are very costly to keep up when they are done. Navies on the present scale are simply one of the penalties of the political stupidity of men. When men get wiser in their international politics, the navies can be cut down and lots of money saved. Mr. Harding's position is that there is not yet evidence that the lesson of the war has been well enough learned to make that highly desirable saving safe. The matter really turns on a question of fact—on whether the nations have got sense enough yet to get along with smaller navies. Just as soon as governments are satisfied that they have, retrenchment in naval expenditures will begin. The taxpayers of every nation are in a hurry for that time to come.



IRISH matters look a little better. The suggestion of dominion government grows more definite and positive. The papers say the English Government will give it whenever they have assurance that Ireland will accept it. The things the Sinn Feiners do—their general campaign of murder of policemen and others—are extremely unsatisfactory to a lot of influential Irishmen. Cardinal Logue and Cardinal Bourne have lately come out in protest against it. The way the English Government has been conducting campaigns of reprisal and terrorism in Ireland is doubtless equally unsatisfactory to both Cardinals, as it is to a great many Englishmen (probably a majority) including most of the Bishops and all the Laborites. So it is getting to be now that civil war in Ireland is becoming increasingly unpopular both in Ireland and England, and every day more people want to stop it, and work for its discontinuance. Things being in that case, matters ought to mend.

E. S. Martin.



People We Can't Along

THE MAN WHO PREDICTS PANIC TO OUR



Can't Along Without

PAMPHLET OUR HUSBANDS AT THE CLUB



Amateur Night

THE Greenwich Village Theatre seems to have taken over the franchise of the old Eden Musee for the presentation of refined wax works. A brand new group was added to its collection early this month, and although no catalogue was procurable at its unveiling, an attendant said that its title was "Benedict Arnold Double-Crossing the *Gefüllte Fisch*." Newspaper advertisements, however, referred to it as "The Sacrifice."

It would hardly be fair to twit it, because neither the author nor the cast had evidently done anything in this line before, and it certainly wouldn't be right to kid Eugene O'Neill, for instance, if he fozzled his first day out as a cloak-and-suit salesman. A brief review of the high-lights in the story is necessary, however, in order that the theatrical records in this office may be complete. The play was historical in tone, but the audience was unfortunately tone-deaf and failed to grasp the significance of the thing entirely. It seems, according to the author of "The Sacrifice," that Benedict Arnold was a much meaner guy than our school histories give him credit for being. To begin with, he wore a perfectly terrible wig. Then, in addition to betraying West Point, he played fast and loose with a nice, comely Jewish girl of refined antecedents, a low trick which so depressed her father that he just pulled his skull cap down over his face and died. Incidentally, a new interborough record for bringing dishonor on a home was established by the agile *Prince Ramiro*, who romped across the finish in fifty-four seconds flat.



BUT the young girl did not forget. She spent the next five years getting into a tight-fitting uniform, thereby completely disguising herself as a captain in the Continental army, at last making the grade just in time to confront the escaping General Arnold after he had held his final perfidious interview with Major André. (Major André, in his rustic disguise, was evidently the Chic Sale of the British army, and he may be counted as lucky in having got as far as Tarrytown without being arrested.)

Probably one of the greatest moments in our American drama occurred when the young girl-captain appeared in the doorway and, giving the cowering traitor a mean look, cried: "Whom do you think I am?"

At such times the theatre fulfills its noblest function.



IT was to be expected that the Annual Show of the Actors' Equity Association would be impressive on paper. With a cast of characters including the names of practically all the non-managerial actors and actresses of note on the stage, in

such abundance that you were likely to detect your favorite leading-man hidden in the third row of the chorus, the advertisements were justified in announcing "a thousand stars," and it was no surprise that a second performance was necessary in the Metropolitan Opera House to take care of the crowds who had to see this concentration of talent.



BUT to one who was a spectator, the impressive feature was not the stars. At least, not the stars alone. It was the ensemble, the stars and the little chorus girls, Ethel and John Barrymore appearing with their colleagues and worshipers, the pony ballet; those whose names appear nightly in electric lights and those whose names have so far appeared only among the lists of "guests at the ball," "villagers," or "other members of the pirate band," all working together with a fierce intensity of *esprit* for a common cause. From a profession hitherto not famous for the self-effacement of its individual members came an inspiring example of unselfish co-operation, and a feeling of impersonal welding of forces amounting almost to a religious fervor was communicated across the footlights to the audience, augmenting the moral membership of the Actors' Equity Association by the number of those who felt the thrill of its spirit.



THE musical offerings to be taken up at this meeting are "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "Princess Virtue." Just a few more moments of your time, then, and we shall be through.

"Two Little Girls in Blue" may safely be recommended if you don't insist on laughing immoderately when you go to a musical comedy. There is a great deal of pleasant dancing, some rather nice music and several settings which please the eye (if both eyes are working they both ought to be pleased). Included in the visual effects is a chorus of uncommon scenic value. But the show itself is not so funny.

The Fairbanks Twins constitute the idea around which the piece is built. And while they are dancing, it is a very good idea. At other times, one has difficulty in telling them apart, or would have difficulty if it were worth while trying. As the summer comes on, fewer and fewer people are going to try, and more and more are just going to sit back and let the young ladies dance, regardless of which one they are.

Of "Princess Virtue" something good might have been said had it been different. At least it has occasional flashes of refreshingly amateurish originality suggestive of a college show. The chorus helps this illusion by resembling those members of the baseball team who make up well as girls.

But the authors have written much too much of everything. The music is nice when it is first sung, especially as sung by Tessa Kosta and Sarah Edwards, but during the first encore you begin to look at the cupids on the proscenium arch.

The comedy, also, is overabundant. When as delightfully insane a comedian as Hugh Cameron is available, he should not have to call a gendarme "the left side of an apple pie." And Frank Moulan knows better than to say "saleratus, santiago" by way of adieu.

An hour and a half of selected moments from "Princess Virtue" ought to make a very amusing show, especially if they were Mr. Cameron's moments.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Murder, arson, embezzlement—more darn fun.

Clair de Lune. *Empire.*—Ethel and John Barrymore resplendent in a rococo drama.

Deburau. *Belasco.*—A realistic production of a rather unreal poetic play, with Lionel Atwill excellent as the Parisian pantomimist.

The Emperor Jones. *Princess.*—Charles Gilpin registering terror with powerful effect.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Melodrama de luxe, featuring George Arliss and the Himalayas.

Walter Hampden. *Broadhurst.*—In repertory including "The Servant in the House," and several of the cleaner plays of Shakespeare.

Liliom. *Garrick.*—A remarkable presentation of a remarkable play.

Miss Lulu Bett. *Belmont.*—Human nature lifted bodily from a small town and put on the stage by Zona Gale.

Nemesis. *Hudson.*—Well-acted melodrama, showing in a leisurely manner that fingerprints may lie.

Romance. *Playhouse.*—The perennial success, with Doris Keane still playing the lead.

The Sacrifice. *Greenwich Village.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Smooth as Silk. *Frazee.*—A crook melodrama by Willard Mack with Taylor Holmes in the Willard Mack rôle.

The Tyranny of Love. *Cort.*—Domestic unpleasantness such as only the French delight in, portrayed here by a better cast than it deserves.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bad Man. *Ritz.*—Holbrook Blinn still shooting satire across the Mexican border in a delightful manner.

The Broken Wing. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The first act ends with an airplane crashing through the wall of a Mexican hut, and from then on everything is all mixed up.

The Champion. *Longacre.*—This sort of thing always has got laughs and probably always will, but it isn't good enough for Grant Mitchell.

Dear Me. *Republic.*—Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue in "Very Good, Mrs. Eddy."

Enter Madame. *Fulton.*—Last week of what has proved to be the best all-around light comedy of the season.

The First Year. *Little.*—You don't think it's so funny when it happens in your own home, but as Frank Craven has put it on the stage it is what William Winter would have called "a scream."

The Gold Diggers. *Lyceum.* Ina Claire in a successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

Just Married. *Comedy.*—Lynne Overman making a crass little stateroom farce very funny in spots.

Ladies' Night. *Eltinge.*—Don't go with anyone you want to look in the face again.

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—Frank Bacon in etc., etc.

Little Old New York. *Plymouth.*—A very pleasant little play about Manhattan in 1810.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Henry Miller.*—Mild English comedy enhanced by a delightful cast.

Nice People. *Klaw.*—The alarming ways of modern adolescence and an equally alarming cure.

Rollo's Wild Oat. *Punch and Judy.*—Roland Young in a charming piece of inconsequential fooling by Clare Kummer.

Thanks to You. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Formerly "The Ghost Between," an odd combination of farce, tragedy and what-not, with Arthur Bryon doing his best.

Toto. *Bijou.*—Leo Ditrichstein in something French.

Welcome Stranger. *Sam H. Harris.*—Showing in interesting though conventional fashion, that race prejudice is a poor business policy.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Century Midnight Rounders. *Century Roof.*—All right if you are able to sleep through anything.

Irene. *Vanderbilt.*—A nice little musical comedy that has developed into a great big record-breaker, both here and abroad.

Lady Billy. *Liberty.*—Mitzi and a supporting company in a show involving more story than usual.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—To be reviewed next week.

Love Birds. *Apollo.*—Pretty weak unless you happen to be a Pat Rooney fan.

June Love. *Knickerbocker.*—Not so bad and not so good. Just one of those shows.

Passing Show of 1921. *Winter Garden.*—Last chance to see the season's most original ballet and hear some of the season's most unoriginal jokes—not all, just some.

Phoebe of Quality Street. *Shubert.*—To be reviewed next week.

Princess Virtue. *Central.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Right Girl. *Times Square.*—The advertisements in the papers speak very highly of it at great length.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—The outstanding musical comedy of the season, with Leon Errol and Marilynn Miller.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan.*—Reviewed in this issue.



FRANCINE LARRIMORE IN "NICE PEOPLE."

Life



Lines

PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON is going to introduce prohibition into India. He says it is one of the few remaining countries where the tigers are not blind.

* * *

• The assertion, by Sir James Cantlie, that the fewer clothes you wear, the higher your temperature rises, has occasioned a great deal of feverish interest among our flappers.

* * *

The country will warm up to Harding after he has had time to make a few popular mistakes.

* * *

Revolutions seem to be running around all over Europe looking for places to happen.

* * *

"I am the master of my own destiny," writes the poet . . . and then hides in the basement till his wife sends word that the collector has gone.

* * *

Main Street doesn't seem to have improved much since David Harum lived there.

* * *

Every time you look at Japan some one has just stepped on her feelings.

* * *

It appears now that our air service cost only half of what has been stated. Would that the same comforting thing could be said of our hot air service.

* * *

Mankind has always passionately loved Justice—as a topic of conversation.

* * *

Popular government must always be more or less unthrifty and inefficient.

—The Villager.

Is that what makes it popular?

* * *

It is rumored that the man who recently jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge saw a bottle floating below with the cork in.

A man went into a New York barber-shop recently and asked to be shaved. When the operation was completed, he was handed a bill for \$6.15.

The barber evidently thought the fellow had asked to be trimmed.

* * *

If you want to know the most popular men in history, take a census of the insane asylums. . . . Are there more Napoleons than Shakespeares, more Christopher Columbuses than Thomas Edisons?

Uniformed Patrolmen made hourly visits to the few saloons where there was the slightest suspicion liquor was being drank on the premises.—*New York Herald.*

And arrested these places, we trust, on a charge of dispensing bad grammar.

* * *

Anyone can be popular who is willing to listen to bores and lend money to wastrels.

* * *

It will take something more than censorship to improve the movies.

* * *

Mayor Hylan, of New York and Cork, is to be investigated. Is this another boom for the presidency?

* * *

It was George Harvey, and not the owner of the *New York Herald*, who was sent as Ambassador to England; and once more it may be observed, *Sic transit gloria Muncsey.*

* * *

Einstein says the Universe is finite, but the Universe refuses to be drawn into an argument.

* * *

We beg leave to enter the following (from the *New York Globe*) in the next international mixed metaphor contest:

"The fact remains

we are technically at war up to the present day, and, God helping him, the real American will take good care that the unsatisfied mortal who would undermine that for which our forefathers bled and died shall walk the chalk line so long as he takes his bread and butter from the hand of Uncle Sam."

* * *

Kansan Says Hard Work Is Secret of Long Life—*Newspaper headline.*

Hasn't some other little boy got a better answer than that?



"MARY, WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM, AND TAKE THE CHILDREN WITH YOU? I'VE JUST RECEIVED A BILL FROM THE GARAGE MAN, AND I WANT TO DISCUSS IT WITH HIM."

There used to be a type of man of whom everybody said: "What a wonder Jones would be if he only stayed sober!" But since Prohibition has kept him sober for a while, Jones has been explaining that he could never do his best work without alcoholic inspiration.

* * *

Emma Goldman says she hasn't suffered so much in Russia as the papers have stated. But then, maybe she is only trying to make us feel worse about it.

Dopel Britely on Her Way

Intense International Excitement over LIFE'S Latest Coup d'Etat

LIFE'S American Literary Celebrity is now nearing the shores of Great Britain where she will be received by Messrs. Lloyd and King George, Lord Northcliffe, and a select committee of publishers and press agents, including Bernard Shaw, Margot Asquith, Gilbert Chesterton and H. G. Wells.

Her steamer, the Braggadocia, will be boarded by a corps of twenty-three reporters especially hired for the purpose, who will simultaneously ask her what are her impressions of England.

It is estimated that she will bring back from her lecture tour through the British Isles at least £22,000. If she goes through Scotland, it is freely predicted that this

amount will be increased to £22,000 6d.

LIFE has been fortunate in securing for its great enterprise Miss Dopel Britely, the celebrated author of "Sunset Blister," "Peoria Whisperings," and "Between You and I."

"Take it from me," said Miss Britely as she stepped aboard the gangplank, "I'll show 'em that America has a literature. O boy!"

LIFE's characteristic enterprise in placing the two best-known Anglo-Saxon countries on a basis of literary reciprocity came as a great shock to W. R. Hearst, who was seen at a late hour last night.

"Why didn't I think of sending Brisbane?" he groaned. "Dopel is fairly

good, but *not* our best fiction writer."

BOSTON—(Special to LIFE). Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of the *Atlantic*, smiled derisively when the news was broken to him. "If our British cousins hand their good money to anyone not first brought by me," he observed, "then this marks the doom of Democracy."

CHICAGO—(Special to LIFE). Mr. Sinclair Lewis shook his head doubtfully when seen reclining in his private car, Mainstreetia. "All I can say," he hissed, "is that she has never written for the *Saturday Evening Post*. How can she be a fit representative of our best American literary traditions? God help us!"

(To be continued)



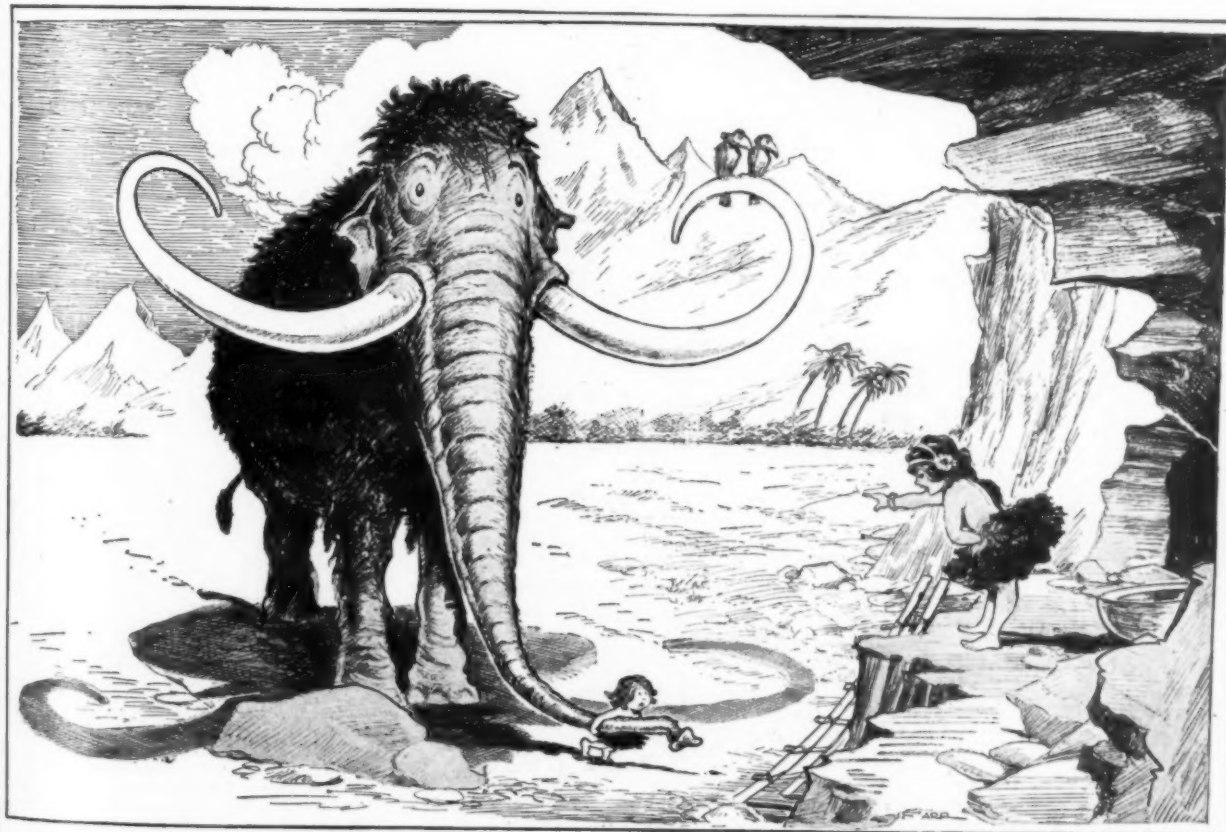
"YOUR HUSBAND SEEMS A HARD MAN TO CONVINCE."
 "ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. WHY, I HAD TO WORK OVER HIM ALL OF ONE EVENING BEFORE HE WOULD ADMIT THAT HE WAS RIGHT."



Old Lady: YOU GO TO BROOKLYN, DON'T YOU?
 "OH, YES! EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, TO SEE MY GIRL."



The Truthful Bride (writing): THOSE VASES YOU SENT ME FOR A WEDDING PRESENT ARE HIDEOUS, BUT OF COURSE YOU ALWAYS HAD ATROCIOUS TASTE. NEVER MIND; WHEN YOU GET MARRIED I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU.



"EUCLID, TAKE THAT THING RIGHT OUT OF HERE. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING YOUR PETS IN THE HOUSE?"

Smile and the World Smiles with You

Abstract Youth and Age — "Ain't no old-folk in dis town," remarked a colored laborer as he pitched a shovelful of dirt from one side of the road to the other and stopped to rest awhile. "No old-folkses 'tall; 'n no chilluns, neither. All the old folks rassel round like young uns and de chillun dun growed up 'fore dey gits started!" After which soliloquy he resumed work, for a few minutes.

—Florida Times-Union.

A Trick Worth Knowing—"Your dog sits up and begs nicely. You have taught him well."

"Too well. Every time I try to teach him a new trick he starts to beg."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Stepping Stone—Lawyer (to desperado he has been appointed to defend): You've done well, my friend, to assassinate six people, and I shall defend you . . . my pleading will be masterly. Of course you'll be condemned to death, but my reputation will be made.

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Civic Pride—The old wheeze about a robber holding up a policeman has come true. It happened right here in Los Angeles. We lead the world!

—Los Angeles Times.

Our Nursery Novelists—Child Author (dictating to his typist): And with one lath long lingerin' kith, they parted for ever—that got that?—London Opinion.



MORE MAN-MADE LAW

"OH, MY DEAR, YOUR SKIRTS ARE CREEPING UP!"

"WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS—MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW, NOR WANTS THAT LITTLE LONG."

—Bulletin (Sydney).



THE OLD COMEBACK COMES BACK

First Lady: AN' WHO WERE YER ANCESTORS, MRS. O'REILLY?

Second Lady: AN' WHAT ARE ANCESTORS, MRS. O'BRIEN?

First Lady: SURE, THE PEOPLE YE SPRING FROM, MRS. O'REILLY.

Second Lady: SPRING FROM, INDADE. THE O'REILLYS SPRING FROM NOBODY, MRS. O'BRIEN; THEY SPRING AT 'EM.—Tatler (London).

Skilled Labor—The modern artisan was teaching his son the trade. "Learn all the tricks in the trade, my son," he said, "and by practice and care grow broad in your skill. But don't make a habit of using too much skill, my lad, or you'll be kept so busy you'll never get a day off."

—Kansas City Star.

Application Denied—A lady writing in answer to a housemaid's advertisement received this missive: "Madame:—You have a good name and address, but you write on a meesly half-sheet of paper which shows me you are no lady, and as such, and considering the paper you write on, the place wouldn't suit me, being accustomed to things being different."

—Bystander (London).

Potential Privation—Mother-in-Law: I wish I'd won a fortune in the lottery.

Son-in-Law: What would you do with it?

"Disinherit you!"

—Karikaturen (Christiana).

Romance in Us All—A man must be very far gone in prose who has quite abandoned the dream of the unexpected cheque that will drop through the letter-box.—New Statesman (London).

Ceremony

When I get to bed
All the ghosts of all the books
I haven't read
Surround on either side.
They reprimand me as they should,
And then, O virgin pride!
I light my lamp,
Run to my shelves
And with an armful creep
Back to my couch,
Where bride I am of books
Instead of sleep.

—C. B. S., in New York World.

A Young Hopeful, Anyway—"I suppose you're disappointed it isn't a boy?"

"No siree! When I think that women now vote, smoke, go anywhere, wear whatever clothes they like, if any, and that the men can't even have a glass of beer any more, I'm satisfied."—Carolina Tar Baby.

Naiveté—He (lovingly): What would you do now if I should kiss you?

She (timidly): I—I don't know. I have never had to answer such a question before!

—L'Esquella de la Torratxa (Barcelona).

The Trouble-Hunters—"Some o' these days," says a Georgia philosopher, "you'll see things so clearly that you'll wish you were back where you're located now, and you won't have a return ticket."

—Atlanta Constitution.



OUR VILLAGE BAND

Vicar: I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A DRUMMER, CLUTTERBUCK.

Clutterbuck: NOR I BE, ZUR. AN' I KNOWS NOWT 'BOUT DRUM MUSIC NEITHER; BUT I DEALS IT ONE WHEN I THINK IT WANTS IT.—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.



LAFAYETTE

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LaFayette Open Cars, \$5625 at Indianapolis*

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at Mars Hill INDIANAPOLIS



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A Beauty Expert

Two negro girls were discussing the merits of a certain beauty specialist.

"Am she the goods?" asked one. "Can she make yo' beautiful?"

"Lissen, Pansy," came the answer, "'at woman am so proficient she can make a human scarecrow look like the Venus de Milo standin' knee deep in a lily pond."

—Miami (Fla.) Herald.

Had Him Guessing

"It is a question in my mind," remarked the dentist who had got up from a warm bed to respond to a cry from his baby, "if a fellow makes most noise when his teeth are coming, or when they are going."

—Yonkers Statesman.

A Mere Nothing!

FIRST FILM STAR: Got anything special on to-day, Cyrus?

SECOND DITTO: Nope—only a race against death an' a leap for life.

—Bystander (London).



The Star's Husband: IF THE FELLOW COMES TO YOU BEHIND THE SCENES AGAIN TO-NIGHT, I'LL THROTTLE HIM!

The Star: BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER I'VE GONE ON, PLEASE. THESE THINGS ALWAYS MAKE ME NERVOUS.

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

An Old-Timer

A Cambridge undergraduate, contrary to regulations, was entertaining his sister, when they heard someone on the stairs. Hastily hiding his sister behind a curtain, he went to the door and confronted an aged man who was revisiting the scenes of his youth, and was desirous of seeing his old rooms.

Obtaining permission, he looked round, and remarked, "Ah, yes, the same old room." Going to the window, he said, "The same old view"; and peeping behind the curtain, he exclaimed, "The same old game!"

"My sister, sir," said the student.

"Oh, yes," said the visitor, "the same old story!"—Tit-Bits (London).

A Spirit Rapping

FIRST SHADE: What happened when you got home from the Graveyard Gambols last night?

SECOND SHADE: My wife mistook me for an ogre and knocked me for a ghoul.

—Fleur de Lis.

THERE are no perfect children; therein lies the certainty that the world will continue interesting when they grow up.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Unhealthy gums denoted
by tenderness and bleeding



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

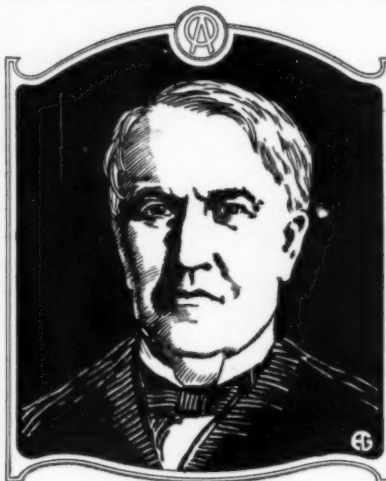
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Thomas Edison

started his productive life as a news-butcher, selling the travelling public the magazines and newspapers they used while on the train.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Naval Dilemma

Apropos of the old saying that "A naval officer's ship should be his wife," some years ago, when it was the exception for naval officers to marry young, a certain young gunnery lieutenant was appointed to the flagship on a foreign station, and took his wife with him. On reporting himself he was informed that the Admiral wished to see him:

ADMIRAL: You are the new gunnery lieutenant of my flagship?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, sir!

ADMIRAL: You have brought your wife with you?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, sir!

ADMIRAL: Which are you going to neglect?—*London Morning Post.*

Evidence Enough

"Katie," said the fashionable mother, with a frown, "you've been giving the children molasses candy again."

"Why, ma'am, do they look sick?" asked the nurse, alarmed.

"No; but every door-knob in the house does."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Byway Parable

A small boy was laboriously pushing a heavy hand-cart up a steep hill, and stopping every few minutes to wipe the perspiration from his face. A clergyman who was watching the boy, thinking to help him, called out, "Push it up zigzag, my lad, and you will find it much easier." "Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice," retorted the boy. "Come and give me a shove."

—*Tatler (London).*

Police Enforcement

POLICEMAN: Hey, what's in that bottle sticking out of your pocket?

PEDESTRIAN: Whisky. What's that in that bottle sticking out of yours?

POLICEMAN: Just plain ginger ale.

PEDESTRIAN: Let's make a highball.

POLICEMAN: Sure!—*New York Globe.*

Had Scruples

"Did you hear about Blick proposing again to his divorced wife?"

"No; what did she say?"

"Said she couldn't think of marrying a man whose first wife was still living."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Skirmish Style

WAITER (to patron): Chicken is five dollars—two dollars more à la Marengo.

PATRON: Haven't you got chicken with the name of a battle that comes cheaper?

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

A book agent walked unsuspectingly into an insurance office and before he got through struggling he had signed a policy.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Our Newspaper Paragraphists

(Some of the things they are saying)

It is pretty tough, when your doctor advises you to buy a case of whisky, to have your lawyer advise you not to.

—*New York World.*

* * *

Advices from Russia indicate that Emma Goldman was terribly homesick for America until her friend Trotzky reminded her that she wasn't.

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

The imagination of the average Bright Young Man of the day rises no higher than the impulse to go and sell something to somebody.—*New York Sun.*

* * *

Apparently there are physicians who don't care who makes a nation's laws if they can write its prescriptions.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

* * *

There is this difference between taxes and taxis. You can sometimes dodge the latter if you are quick on your feet.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

"Bohemia?" said a magazine writer. "The place a writer or an artist leaves in his first automobile, and without a tear or a sigh of regret."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* * *

That historic boulder up in Massachusetts has been moved so frequently recently that it is beginning to resemble a flock of Plymouth Rocks.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*



The chief trouble with this picture is that there is really no joke that goes very well with it. It was foolish, in the first place, to draw a man in modern clothes in the same ensemble with a Renaissance duke and an infant. However, what's done is done, and the only way out is to find something that will go fairly well under it. This might get by:

Physician: WHAT IS THE INSTRUMENT YOU ARE PLAYING?

Duke: WELL, SENATOR, EITHER A MANDOLIN OR A BANJO, I DON'T KNOW WHICH.

Of course, that isn't very good. And it really leaves out altogether the infant, and the fact that the duke has on overshoes. The whole thing is frightfully confused, we are afraid.

—*Robert C. Benchley, in Harvard Lampoon.*

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"I mighta known this tire wasn't as easy pluckin' as it looked. These bloomin' Autowlocks are sure makin' it hard for a fella!"

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK

is sure protection against car and spare tire thieves. Made of a four-foot length of weatherproofed Yellow Strand Wire Rope, with sturdy, non-pickable spring lock. Handy, compact. So reliable that it saves you 10% on theft insurance in some companies. Every car owner ought to carry a couple. Be on the safe side!

BASLINE AUTOWLINE—another dependable auto-necessity—is the *original* wire rope towline. Also made of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope, with patented Snaffle Hooks that attach instantly and securely. Fits under seat cushion—don't start out without one.

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E187D

To the Victor Belongs the Toil

Who is it hands out interviews,
And has his valet shine his shoes,
And stocks his cellar up with booze,
And dines upon Budweiser?
Who is it drives a Mercedes,
And never thinks of saying "Please"
To forty servants on their knees?
Why that's the German Kaiser!

Who is it walks along the street
In search of jobs, so he may eat,
And works like hell to make ends meet,
And never smells Budweiser?
Who is it has one suit of clothes,
And shoes quite airy at the toes?
Why, buddie, he's just one of those
Who licked the German Kaiser!
—Robert D. Little, in the Stars and Stripes.

His Heinous Offense—"I see a visitor to New York was arrested the other day because he had three hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket," said Church.
"And it wasn't his own money?" asked Gotham.
"Oh, yes; it was proved in court that it was his own money," replied Church.
"Why on earth did they arrest him, then?"
"He was trying to get out of town with it."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

On a Secure Basis—"Dad," said the financier's son, running into his father's office, "lend me six hundred."

"What for, my boy?"

"I've got a sure tip on the market."

"How much shall we make out of it?" asked the old man cautiously.

"A couple of hundred sure," replied the boy eagerly. "That's a hundred each."

"Here's your hundred," said his father. "Let's consider that we have made this deal and that it has succeeded. You make a hundred dollars and I save five hundred."—Boston Transcript.

Negotiating It—A braggart chess-player played three games with a stranger and lost them all. Next day a friend asked him how he had come off. "Oh," said he, "I didn't win the first game, and my opponent didn't lose the second. As for the third, I wanted to draw it, but he wouldn't agree."

—Japan Advertiser (Tokyo).

Evidence to the Contrary—"Madam," said a man standing in the street car, "why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?"

"I want to make you look round so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't go off and say that women haven't any manners."

—Boston Transcript.

Generalities—Said one wife to another: "Oh, really, darling, husbands are such impossible creatures!" And the other equally fed-up darling returned: "No, dear; the trouble is that they're so possible."—Sketch (London).

THE AUTOGLAS



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All covers and inserts in four colors effective 1st issue in July.
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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 728)

DECEPTION (Paramount).—The romance of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn provides the story for a spectacular production of great artistic merit.

DREAM STREET (United Artists).—The genius of D. W. Griffith goes very sour in this weak attempt to repeat the success of "Broken Blossoms."

UNCHARTED SEAS (Metro).—Alice Lake in a story of the frozen North which left us cold.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA (Fox).—Take Ringling's circus, multiply it by a hundred, and you have a faint idea of the magnitude of this vast spectacle.

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER (First National).—A Marshall Neilan melodrama of frontier days, which includes a realistic depiction of Custer's last stand.

MADE IN HEAVEN (Goldwyn).—Tom Moore as a fireman in a very lukewarm story.

THE SKY PILOT (First National).—Ralph Connor's novel made into a film which starts well, but which weakens badly toward the finish. The exterior scenes are excellent.

THE SKY RANGER (Pathé).—One of the best serials ever produced, with George B. Seitz and June Caprice supplying more than the usual amount of thrills.

THE HOUSE THAT JAZZ BUILT (Realart).—Wanda Hawley as a wife who, paradoxically, jazes so much that she becomes weak from want of exercise, and almost loses her husband.

MOTHER ETERNAL (Abramson).—Ham sob stuff, very badly done.

THREE SEVENS (Vitagraph).—The romantic Antonio Moreno as a convict in a prison drama of vigorous dramatic strength.

THE BARBARIAN (Pioneer).—Monroe Salisbury is effective as a big, deep-chested he-man of the Canadian Northwest, but the story fails to put over the requisite punch.

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN (Paramount).—R. Fatty Arbuckle in another broad comedy, which gives him the usual opportunities to be funny at his own expense.

BLACK ROSES (Robertson-Cole).—Sessue Hayakawa goes into the New York underworld and gets mixed up in all sorts of crime. The acting is good, but the plot is awkward.

SKIRTS (Fox).—Clyde Cook tries his hand at a six-reel picture, but his drollery is throttled by the excessive footage.

DESPERATE YOUTH (Universal).—The atmosphere of the old South is laid on thick, in a mildly entertaining picture of which Gladys Walton is star.

THE HOME STRETCH (Paramount).—Douglas MacLean as a jockey. Not his best, but good enough.

THE CHARMING DECEIVER (Vitagraph).—Small-town stuff of very moderate merit.

Why the Carringtons Bought a Colt

"TOM!" she cried.
"There they go. Telephone the police."
"Telephone nothing!" her husband exclaimed. "I can't. They've cut the wire," and he held up the telephone with the severed wire.

"Oh, dear, why can't you make them stop?" his wife wailed.

"Because I haven't a Colt," retorted Tom, "and when I told you a few days ago I was going to buy a Colt Automatic Pistol—the best that money can buy for home protection—you said, 'What's the use?' Now you know."

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The Carringtons live on one of the best residential streets of a New England city.

Tom Carrington is perhaps the last man you would think that robbers would molest. He played half-back for his college and is a fearless, young, upstanding American citizen.

The Carringtons had been awakened just in time to hear someone on the side piazza. Tom Carrington was up in a flash. No one was going to break into his house without an argument. His wife followed him in a rush to the stairs. An open window at the first landing told the story.



"Telephone nothing," he said. "The wire's cut."

But the intruders had gone. Mrs. Carrington saw them climbing into a waiting car.

And that was the last of the Carrington silver.


Your dealer will be glad to show you the various models of Colt Automatic Pistols or Colt Revolvers and advise you which is the best for your home protection.

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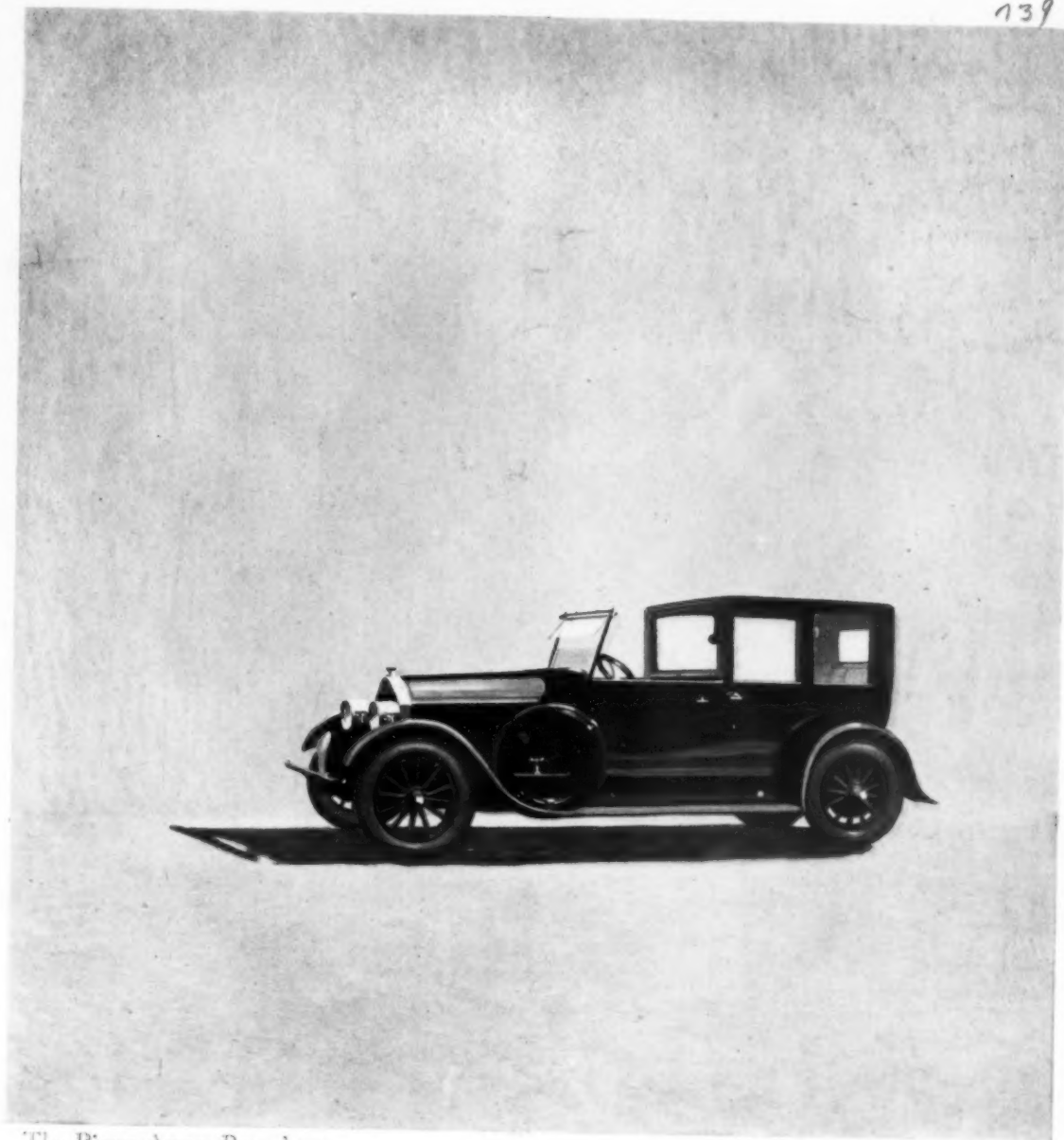
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